

Marble Hill Press

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MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI

Some men are born diplomats, others are made.

About all the more mighty Bourbon family has still to lose is Spain.

That sweet impression, the very best, never can make anything more.

It is hard at this season to keep at heart beating plant from overdoing the thing.

New York has had enough Hudson Fulton construction to last it for at least a century.

That little Norwegian with his beard should take a little look around for the fourth dimension.

So far as can be observed, young women with fine ivory throats are not at all afraid of pneumonia.

Up second consideration the British House of Lords probably will decide to be thankful that the budget is no worse.

HAVING unquestioned supremacy of land sea and in the air, Uncle Sam is perplexed to know what best to tackle.

One good thing about eastern aerial travel is that there will be no stopping to get out and shovel snow off the track in winter.

A Washington dispatch proposes a "cure for poison." The only cure for poison is a level head in a time of crisis and faith in the government.

Every possible means is used to tempt this nation into imitating Europe by assuming a burden of mill taxes. However, it is said that the tempters should refrain.

It is becoming quite the fashion for rural princes to woo American beauties. Ordinary titles will thus be crowded out of what they have hitherto found so profitable a matrimonial field.

King George of Greece wants to abdicate. The king business is getting to be almost as strenuous as shooting. Note on the jump in Africa, and the crowded heads of Europe are not used to it.

The suggestion is made that the north pole be turned into a weather bureau station. This would be all right if they manage so that the brand of weather could be utilized in July or August.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has invented a baby caravan in which the little princess may take her outing in all kinds of weather. Naturally, as a queen's invention, it ought to draw a large royalty.

There are many tests of real love, but the plainest of a Brooklyn wife that a bride of 18 cannot love a husband of 65 on a continuous diet performance of bean soup is one of the meanest yet invented.

Wife-desertion is becoming one of the great evils of the times. A punishment to fit this crime would be the sentence of the marital deserter to hard work in prison, with the profits thereof going to the family deserted.

The German Year Book for 1905, just issued, gives the empire a population of 63,838,000. This is an increase of 2,350,000 in 2 1/2 years. Since 1871 the count has increased by 23,000,000. It is healthy growth, the excess chiefly of births over deaths and a decreasing emigration.

The coal-scuffle hat which has been decided as a thing unesthetic served a utilitarian purpose when it saved a woman's life in a Wisconsin town by shedding to her shoulder a brick that fell from the fourth story of a building. The incident shows what might be made of the hat, if beauty is to be ignored, and the qualities of the fireman's helmet cultivated.

The news items embrace a shooting in mistake for a deer; the probable loss of two young hunters in the "north woods"; and the finding of the feet and shoes of a man who was eaten by wild animals while out hunting. These are warnings of the dangers of the chase which merely give zest to the sport of the true hunter, but they should admonish care, nevertheless, during the season which is now at hand.

The report of the automobile accident by which two men were killed near Minneapolis, L. I., says that the vehicle was going "at a moderate rate of speed" at the time, and goes on to relate that the two victims of the accident had their skulls crushed by being thrown over the front of the automobile against the telegraph pole with which the vehicle collided. It is evident that the term "moderate speed" has taken on a new meaning since the advent of the motor vehicle.

In a paragraph reference to the rediscovery of New York's great river which appeared in these columns was spoken of as "Hendrik" Hudson. A subscriber protests that he was an Englishman and that his name was Henry. The subscriber is right. But the celebrated navigator was for a time in the employ of Holland and to his Knickerbocker friends he was always "Hendrik," which means the same thing as Henry and looks much quainter in print—a very tempting quality from the standpoint of the paragraph.

SCORES BURIED IN MINE MAY YET BE RESCUED

Fire in The Cherry Shaft Has Been Extinguished and Rescue Party Descends to 300-ft. Level

THE ENTOMBED NUMBER 372

Cherry, Ill.—Nearly 400 human beings, men and boys, it is now believed are dead or perishing in the St. Paul mine here, though experts who succeeded in penetrating the smoke-filled air shaft to the depth of 300 feet late Sunday, returned with a ray of hope for the perished victims of the disaster.

That the fire has been extinguished was the conclusion of mining experts and inspectors sent here by Gov. Leaden to investigate the disaster and its cause.

The more than thirty hours the miners have been out of from fresh and undoubtedly have been subjected to smoke-filled veins. That life could exist under such conditions is doubted by many, but because no trace of high temperature was found in the depths of the mine, friends of the miners, and with officials of the company, have hope that the victims may have been safely in remote recesses of the mine.

A. J. Harding, president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad company, who has not slept since arriving on the scene of the catastrophe, received an encouraging report after several efforts had been made to open the mine for the release of the entombed men or the discovery of the multi-headed masses of dead.

From the son of one of the missing miners, a young man named John Reid, the railroad president heard that a compass of the earth had been felt by the farmers half a mile south of the main shaft. The report was sent to Henry Burke, an official of the mining company, Burke rushed to President Harding in the office of the company.

"I've heard signals from the men," he said excitedly.

"What do you mean?" asked the railroad president.

"What signals?"

A Ray of Hope.

"John Reid's boy says that he and farmers whose lands is over the southern end of the mine felt several compasses of the earth Sunday afternoon. There were several shocks, and the men felt them as convulsions were shocks fired by the imprisoned miners, and that they were meant for an assurance that at least some of them live."

"Oh, I hope so," said Harding. "That is at least encouraging."

R. Y. Williams, experts at the government experiment station connected with the state college at Urbana, created additional hope by a late report that there was a good supply of cold air in the second vein, located 210 feet beneath the surface. This is taken as an indication that the interior of the mine is not so badly affected as was first supposed.

It leads certain people to think that at least some of the men in the third vein, 484 feet deep, are still breathing and that their lives can be saved if they are brought to the surface within the next twelve hours or so.

Williams has made several descents into the mine, but his last was the most successful. He walked some distance along the second level, but a rope attachment to his outfit limited his exploration. He expects to disconnect the rope on his next trip down.

Crowd Becomes Unruly.

Subsequently, Edward Fellows, former inspector of state mines, made an examination of the smoke issuing from the main shaft and declared his belief that it was caused from the timbers in the shaft and that the fire had not spread much.

President Harding is not the only official who now expects bright things, but they are doing more hoping than talking.

The crowd became so large and unruly about the mine that it was found necessary to stretch ropes and station many special policemen to hold it in check.

Along the outskirts of the crowd were the Reverend Father Wenzel, pastor, and the Reverend Father Ernest, assistant pastor of the Holy Trinity church, and the Reverend Thomas Gleason, pastor of the Congregational church, consoling suffering women and in some instances offering up special prayers.

An idea of the calamity may be gleaned from the fact that in a string of thirty-three houses on Long Row only two miners were saved.

In a family named Love the father and four sons perished.

The list of the missing was compiled in the office of the mining company, and it reached the astounding total of 385, including the dead whose charred bodies were taken from the burning cages Saturday afternoon. It was declared to be probable that this list might be increased. One hundred and seventy men who entered the mine Saturday morning have been accounted for. The company had scores of tracers at work rounding up the employees, and at nightfall the company officials admitted that the number of men in the mine was greater than they first had believed possible.

Among the missing are many American boys, who have lived for years and reared their families in the mining section of Illinois, so often the scene of terrible tragedy. Though the majority of those who never may be found alive are foreign born, yet all their homes here or in the surrounding towns and villages, and the grief over their probable fate has cast a pall over the community.

Mines in Two Shafts.

The catastrophe probably the greatest in the history of mining, occurred shortly after 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon, when the miners were at work in two of the big shafts of the mine.

A fire started and the men were cut off from air. Out of the 450 miners, only eighty-five are known to have made their escape.

A rescue party, consisting of thirteen men, made two trips in the mine cage and brought out a number of men. On the third trip the entire rescue party was suffocated and were dead when the big cage was brought to the surface.

A majority of the victims met death from suffocation, although many are believed to have burned to death.

The disaster was the result of a load of hay catching fire in the second vein of the mine, over 200 feet below the surface, the explosion following. Quickly the mine was a mass of flames.

The entire population of Cherry was at the mine when the bodies of the rescue party were brought to the surface. The scene that followed is beyond description. A great moan swept through the crowd. Women fainted and men wrung their hands and wept. The cries and shrieks of the mothers, wives and sisters of the victims, mingled with the hoarse shouts of the men who were attempting to aid the entombed miners.

Aid Sent by Special Train.

James Steele, superintendent of the mine, immediately wired the office of the company in Chicago for aid. He was notified that a special train bringing supplies and physicians would be sent at once.

The terrible loss of life was indirectly caused by the reversing of the big fan which supplies air to the two big veins of the mine.

When the fire was first discovered it was thought that the blaze could be drawn out by the fan. The reversing of the fan shut off all the air in the shafts below and also drew the flames up the shaft. The fire came out with such fury that the fan itself was burned almost immediately. It was realized that unless the miners were brought to the surface within a few moments they would die from suffocation.

The only means of rescue left was the cage. By this time large volumes of smoke were issuing from the shaft and it was thought to be impossible for any one to live in the big cage. John Flood and Isaac Lewis, merchants, however, stepped forward and called for men to go down in the elevator.

Volunteers Reach Second Vein.

Volunteers answered immediately. They entered the cage, and the engineers lowered them to the second vein.

the surface they were hoisted. The miners recovered as soon as they reached the air and the rescue party started back on the second trip.

Down to the death pit a second time went the volunteers on the elevator. The cage was filled with smoke and the heat was so terrible that the rescuers wrapped their coats about their heads. Several of the party fainted, it is said, but gave the return signal. When the cage reached the ill-fated vein several more unconscious forms were huddled in and once again the elevator returned to the top.

Despite the pleadings of the mine officials and the crowd that huddled around the mouth of the shaft, the rescue party decided to make another trip to the second vein. They said that many miners were lying unconscious near the pit bottom and they believed that by a quick trip many more lives could be saved. The wife of one of the members of the rescue party clung to her husband and begged him not to go down in the mine again.

Rescuers Burned to Death.

"You'll all die," she screamed, holding to her husband's coat. "I know you'll never come out alive."

The woman's prediction was true. The big cage containing the men who were to sacrifice their lives was quickly lowered down the shaft and stopped at the entrance of the second vein. For three minutes the engineer operating the elevator at the surface waited for the signal to hoist. It did not come.

Realizing that something had happened the engineer quickly threw on the power and brought the cage back to the top of the shaft. The door was opened, and on the floor were the scorched and charred bodies of the victims. Every man was dead except one, and he breathed his last five minutes after the cage came to the surface.

The elevator, it is believed, reached the second vein when the fire was beginning to take hold of the shaft timbers, and the men were either burned or suffocated to death.

Dr. L. D. Howe, the regular mine physician, attempted to save the life of the only man who was alive when the cage reached the surface. The man was badly burned, however, and he died without regaining consciousness.

Many Victims Were Boys.

The news spread rapidly by telephone and telegraph over the entire mining district. The drug stores of Spring Valley were ransacked for surgical dressings and medical supplies, which were hurried to the burning mine by automobiles for the use of the doctors in the unlikely chance that there would be occasion to use them.

But the pathos of the picture was in the crowd of wives and mothers of Cherry. Many of the miners are boys of 14 or 15, who "hawk" coal in the darkness for the support of mothers who were made widows by similar catastrophes in other mines.

The women wrung their hands and tears coursed down their cheeks as they pleaded with the rescuers to send down the cage at least one more time on the chance. The engineer took every chance to save lives by the cage, but only thicker smoke followed his efforts.

Fire Starts in Hay.

Charles McDonald, one of the men who was rescued, told a harrowing story of the fire in the depths below and of the rush to the elevator shaft.

"It was shortly after 1 o'clock," he said, "when a load of hay came down to the second vein, where I was working. There were probably 150 men in the vein. The hay was for the mules, and they have been sending the stuff down that way for some time. Nobody paid any attention to it."

"All of a sudden there was a yell from one of the men, and I saw smoke coming from the hay. Quick as possible I started for the hay with a number of other men. Before we got there it was all on fire and there was no chance of putting it out. Then there was a rush for the elevator shaft. Everybody was scared almost to death, and men ran over each other in getting to where the cage stops."

"I fought my way to the opening and fought back the men who were trying to crowd me out. We waited, and it began to get hotter. Then the elevator came down and got me, and I don't remember anything else."

Flames Spread Rapidly.

"I don't think a single man got out alive, from all that is known or that can be drawn from those who made their escape from the fire tomb. The flames crept swiftly to the timbers of the shaft, and then to the coal veins. The fire did not reach the third vein, which is about 150 feet below the second, for some time. Then it began to drop through and to catch on the sides of the shaft. The timbers burned rapidly and soon the second vein was a mass of flames."

Several miners made their escape from the second vein by climbing several hundred feet up an air shaft.

followed the first small one near the pit shaft. These explosions are usually followed by heavy falls from the roofs of corridors, the blocking of passageways and the imprisoning of those in the explosion area.

With escape cut off, the works take fire, and the deadly afterdamp, a gas caused by the explosion, settles down to smother to death every living thing within its reach. This was the fate of the Cherry mine.

Watchmen Visits Harriman Grave.

Middleton, New York.—A watchman visits the tomb of E. H. Harriman twice nightly in the little graveyard which surrounds the Protestant Episcopal church at Arden. There is a time clock at the grave.

Ocean Full of Whales.

New York City.—Captain Johnson of the Ward Line steamship Moro Castle, which has arrived here from Porto Rico, reports that his ship passed through almost continuous schools of whales during the entire voyage.

CANNON MAKES CHARGES

DECLARES SUPPORT FOR THE PRESIDENCY WAS OFFERED.

"Uncle Joe" Asserts That Political Annihilation Was the Alternative Offered to Him.

Bloomington, Illinois.—Declaring that he had been offered the support of metropolitan newspapers for the presidency of the United States if he would place print paper on the free list, Speaker Cannon, in a speech here, told of what he declared was a bribe.

The Speaker asserted that the alternative offered him was political annihilation, to which he says he replied that if he should go into space he would go as an independent atom and with his own self respect.

The startling declaration came in the course of a speech at a banquet arranged by the Business Men's association, which was attended by 200 representative men of the city and in which the Speaker defended the course of the present congress and himself.

He said he knew that his own popularity had decreased during the present administration and that the cause of the decline in popular favor was the hostility of the metropolitan press, due to his attitude on the duty on print paper.

Declaring he could a "tale unfold," Speaker Cannon then said that while the tariff bill was being formed he was called upon by a deputation, representing the American Publishers' association, of which Herman Ridder was the president, and this deputation had made the demand that he be railroad through congress, by illegal means, a bill which should make print paper free of duty.

Offered Support of Press.

The deputation had offered him, he said, practically a promise or a bribe that he would be the next president, or that they, the publishers, would use their influence to see that he was made president if he should do this.

When he had emphatically declined to be bought or cajoled into doing this, which he thought to be illegal in his position, he said the deputation, with Ridder at its head, had gone forth to fight him through their powerful influence of the daily press, which spoke to the people many times each day.

"Print paper has advanced in price about half as much as other products in the country," said Speaker Cannon. "Our friends who publish fifty, sixty or seventy pages, about half advertising matter, much news and many ways of people some of whom stand for the uplift and some for the down lift, did not like it. I do not blame them. I am not speaking of the journalists. I am speaking of the publishers, the men who own the stock, the men who control the publications. They did not like this advance. I think I regret it myself more than anybody else who did not have a pecuniary interest in it. I did not want trouble."

SLEW HUSBAND, IS INSANE

Crime of Mrs. Brodenheyer, Wisconsin Jeweler's Wife, Is Related by Daughter.

Chicago, Illinois.—Henry Brodenheyer, a jeweler of Madison, Wis., who was found dead at an abandoned slaughter house near his home in the summer of 1904 and who was believed to have been murdered by a robber, was killed by his wife, Margaret, now a patient at the Dunning (Ill.) insane asylum. This is the confession of the daughter, Clara Brodenheyer.

The girl, 18 years old, related how she had aided in disposing of the body and how the crime had driven her mother insane. Brodenheyer had accused the jealousy of his wife. She satisfied herself of his infidelity.

At the asylum Mrs. Brodenheyer confirmed her daughter's story.

Grandfield Gets Job.

Washington, D. C.—Charles P. Grandfield, a Missouri man, has been appointed postmaster in Washington City. Though Postmaster General Hitchcock says Grandfield has been a resident of Washington for twenty-five years, he has been considered a Missouri man and has taken an active part in everything pertaining to the state during the time he has been connected with the postoffice department in Washington.

Gives Wedding Fete.

Montgomery, Missouri.—Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Kemper celebrated their fifteenth wedding anniversary at the home of John W. Jackson, the wife's father, who is editor of the Montgomery Standard. Mr. Kemper is president of the Missouri Drummers' association, and his wife is president of the Woman's Auxiliary of the well known association. They reside with their parents.

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OWES HER LIFE TO

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Vienna, W. Va.—"I feel that I owe the last ten years of my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Eleven years ago I was a walking shadow. I had been under the doctor's care but got no relief. My husband persuaded me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like a charm. It relieved all my pains and misery. I advise all suffering women to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. EMMA WHARTON, Vienna, W. Va.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and today holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any similar medicine in the country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every such suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

The Dollar Sign.

When it came time for Mrs. Bluffer to pack her trunk and depart from the resort where she had spent many pleasant days, where she had been the cynosure of all eyes, where she had flirted and gossiped and been gossiped about, she visited the proprietor.

"I've just received a check for \$50 from my husband," she told him. "You will honor it, won't you?"

The proprietor bowed and rubbed his hands.

"My dear Mrs. Bluffer," he ventured. "I will not only honor it, but will fall down and worship it."

Mind Over Matter.

"Much may be done," said the Acute Observer, "by an authoritative voice. Now, if a man says to a dog: 'Come here!' with a note of absolute authority in his voice, the dog comes immediately."

"Yes," said the Traveler. "I've noticed it. And it is especially marked in oriental peoples. Why, when I was in Khashandjhar, I heard a man say with that authoritative note in his tone: 'Oh, king live forever, and immediately the king lived forever.'—Carolyn Wells, in Success Magazine.

A Monument in the Snows.

The highest placed monument in the world is situated on La Combra, the summit of a pass in the Andes, and marks the frontier of the Chilean and Argentine republics. It stands at an altitude of 12,794 feet above the sea level, and for sweeping grandeur its surroundings would be hard to match.—Wide World Magazine.

Honor Where Honor Is Due.

First Golfer.—Well done, old chap! That's the longest ball I've seen you drive yet!

Second Golfer.—I'm afraid the credit's not all mine. A beast of a wasp touched me up in the middle of my swing.—Punch.

For a Poor Memory.

"Say, Mayme, what's that ring on your finger for?"

"That's so I won't forget that I promised to marry Tommy. Beats a string for looks, too."

CAREFUL DOCTOR

Prescribed Change of Food Instead of Drugs.

It takes considerable courage for a doctor to deliberately prescribe only food for a despairing patient, instead of resorting to the usual list of medicines.

There are some truly scientific physicians among the present generation who recognize and treat conditions as they are and should be treated regardless of the value to their pockets. Here's an instance:

"Four years ago I was taken with severe gastritis and nothing would stay on my stomach, so that I was on the verge of starvation.

"I heard of a doctor who has a summer cottage near me—a specialist from N. Y., and as a last hope, sent for him.

"After he examined me carefully he advised me to try a small quantity of Grape-Nuts at first, then as my stomach became stronger to eat more.

"I kept at it, and gradually got so I could eat and digest three teaspoonsful. Then I began to have color in my face, memory became clear, where before everything seemed a blank. My limbs got stronger and I could walk. So I steadily recovered.

"Now, after a year on Grape-Nuts I weigh 153 lbs. My people were surprised at the way I grew fleshy and strong on this food."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pagers.

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Coal Gas is Great Danger in Mining at All Times.

Chicago, Ill.—The action of coal gas, which is believed to have caused the disaster at Cherry, Ill., is the greatest danger mine workers have to face. It is a light, odorless and colorless gas generated by the decay of vegetable matter and burns with a non-luminous flame. It is only dangerous as an explosive when mixed with five times its volume of air.

Miners working beneath this gas, which finds its way to the upper

chambers, may remain for hours without knowing their danger.

The gas begins to mix with air, and sag downward toward the floor, where a lighted match, an unprotected miner's lamp, or, as in Saturday's accident, a sudden flame from the smoldering hay, will suddenly ignite it, causing an explosion that runs all over the mine.

Workers in the St. Paul mine believe that a long series of explosions

followed the first small one near the pit shaft. These explosions are usually followed by heavy falls from the roofs of corridors, the blocking of passageways and the imprisoning of those in the explosion area.

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